

A Band Called Bud

Blue Mountain

There was a band called bud, made electric mud. Rode around town in a beat up van. Smokin marijuana like every other band.

They set their hair on fire. Strung thier guitars with barbed wire. Danced in the rain, and sang at the Sunny, just live in the van when they ain't got no money.

Chorus: Roll on rock and roll soldier. No time to think your getting older, when you got that big green on your mind.

In a town by the riverside, where the king got fat and died. The rednecks were talkin about a second coming, but the boys on the street were buned out and bummin. So the boys tried to state their case. Rappin rhymes over funky bass. You better watch out boy, you're gonna get censored, or knocked up side your head by a public defender.

Chorus: Rock on, make me a believer. Don't sell your soul to a deciever. You grease your palm, you fry your mind.

Songwriters

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